You are wandering through the peaceful realm of existence, just another day in your ordinary life. But suddenly, the air thickens, shimmering as a brilliant glow begins to envelop you. The surroundings shift drastically, as though a dream is unfolding—a surreal, whimsical place bathed in radiant light. You gaze around bewildered, and the familiar ambiance of your ordinary life evaporates. Instead, you find yourself in a landscape so vividly colorful it seems to pulsate with energy, a vibrant depiction of Heaven as envisioned in the captivating world of the Hazbin Hotel.

Feeling an unusual tickling sensation at your fingertips, you raise your hands. They look delicate and cartoonish, not quite like the sturdy human hands you once had. You watch in awe as the skin gradually bleaches to a pure, glistening white, with round red patterns blooming on your cheeks, contrasting beautifully with the iridescents surrounding you. Your heart races as you try to recall what was happening just moments ago—your mortal self—but every attempt is met with a flurry of delightful sensations, washing away what you think you knew.

"What is happening to me?" you think, confusion flickering in your mind, yet an unexpected warmth embraces your heart.

Suddenly, your eyelids light up with a soft blue hue, fitting into the whimsical aesthetic of your new surroundings. You feel lighter, as though you’re being lifted by a gentle breeze, and then you start to shrink. You can’t help but giggle at the experience as the world around you grows larger, shifting from vast to gargantuan proportions. Your height adjusts to somewhere around 5.5 feet, an angelic frame perfectly suited for flight.

In a delightful twist, heavy aches in your back morph into explosive joy as six magnificent feathered wings sprout elegantly, stretching outward in an opulent display of glistening white with golden edges. The tickling sensation intensifies along with every beat of your newly formed wings.

"Yes! Yes! This feels incredible!" You exclaim, overwhelmed by the wondrous essence of being.

Your human clothes dissolve, replaced with an ethereal robe of white, intricately designed with light blue rims and adorned with charming golden accents. Each stitch, a whisper of celestial craftsmanship. You glance downward, noticing the stylish heeled boots that hug your legs with purpose.

"What an adorable outfit!" you laugh, your voice sounding melodious, youthful—a beautiful harmony that rolls off your tongue as easily as the laughter bubbling within you. Your reflection catches your eye, brighter, more radiant than any lifeform you've known. You’re beautiful and undeniably charming in your newfound seraphim form.

As the dazzling transformation culminates, your mind undergoes its own metamorphosis. The whisperings of the memories from a life you’ve never known begin to blur and fade—a peaceful epiphany continues to wash over you. The origins of your prior confusion dissipate like morning fog. You realize that you have always belonged here, in this realm of twinkling clouds and majestic light.

"How curious... Why would anyone want to be less than this?" you muse thoughtfully, grinning at the clouds forming constellations above.

A sense of maturity awakens within you, not from aging but from knowing your purpose as a heavenborn being who flourished eons in the embrace of celestial splendor. Bright flashes of your new memories fill your mind effortlessly; you've always been impossibly old and eternal, stretching back to nearly 8,000 years of angelic grandeur.

And with that realization, the last traces of what you believed to be your human

past slip away. You’re met with an invigorating sense of glee, and memories of what you thought was ‘life before’ vanish entirely into the ether.

"It’s so freeing to know I've always belonged!" you chuckle joyfully, spinning around in your divine robe, relishing the comfort in every swish and flutter of your wings.

As you ascend a feathered cloud, reveling in the effervescent joy of clarity, a figure approaches—another angel, radiant and warm, with kind eyes that sparkle like the brightest stars.

"Welcome, fellow seraph!" she beams, intertwining her fingers with yours in a gesture of camaraderie. "Isn’t it magnificent here? To soar without burden? To follow the Songs of the Spheres?"

"It is!" you reply enthusiastically. “I feel as though I’ve finally woken from a long slumber into this paradise!"

The seraph chuckles, her voice rich and comforting. "Exactly! Let us spread our wings wide and show you the wonders of Heaven!"

With a reassuring squeeze of your hand, the two of you leap into flight, soaring together through the pastel skies, feeling the golden sunbeam embrace you both. You look back and flash a smile, triumphant in your identity as a seraphim—one rooted in joy, light, and eternal existence. The memories of a human life were mere echoes in the vast, beautiful melody of your reality.

As you soar above privilege and purity, your laughter mingles with the sound of soft winds and shimmering light—a sweet lullaby welcoming you home. The past no longer haunts you; here, you are destined to thrive, utterly content.

You are a heavenborn seraphim, exactly as you were always meant to be.